

The Screen Guilds' Magazine

Published Jointly by the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America and the Screen Actors' Guild

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THE SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE

is copyrighted in the U.S.A., 1935, by the Screen Actors' Guild and the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America.

Twenty cents a copy.
\$2.00 a year in the U.S.A.

Issued monthly by the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America and the Screen Actors' Guild, at 1655 North Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood, California. Entered as third-class matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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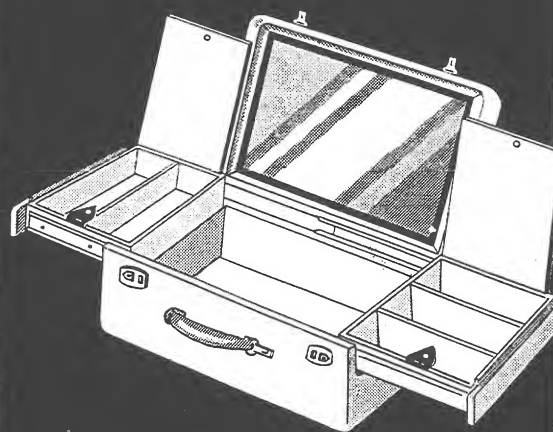
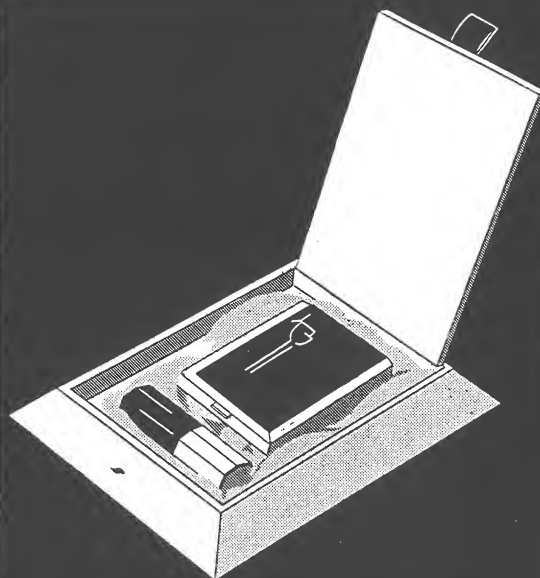
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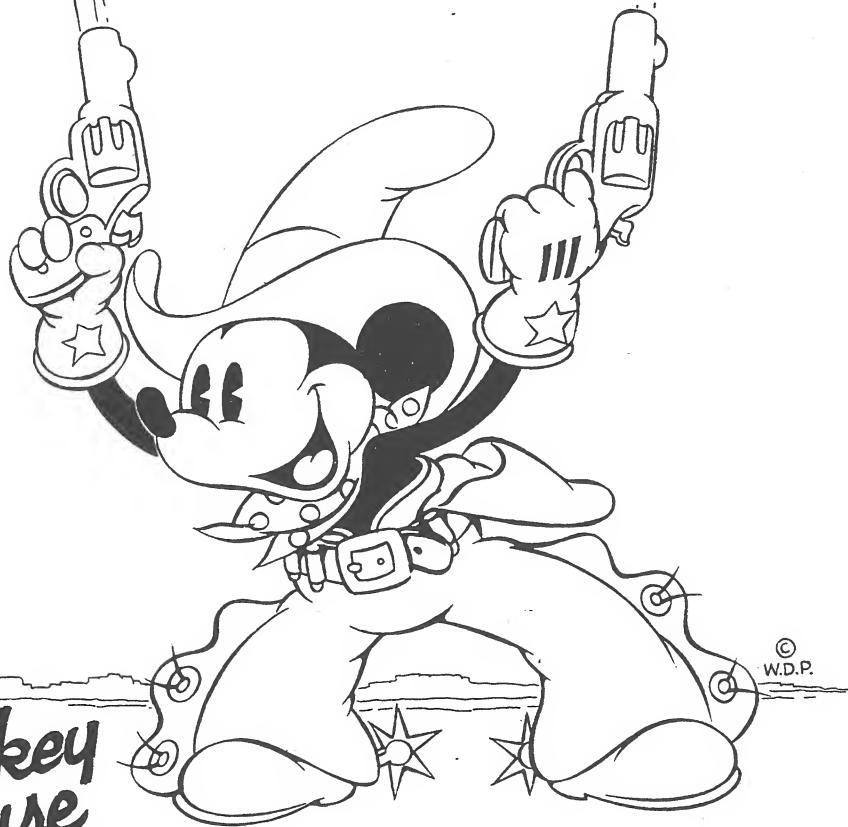
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**"YOURS
FOR A ROOTIN' TOOTIN',
HI-FA-LUTIN' AN' RIPS NORTIN'**

19 NEW YEAR 35

*Mickey
Mouse*



Awards That Mean Something

By
Sidney Sutherland

IF you wanted to find the best soup in the world, it would, manifestly, be absurd to call in as testers a mahout, a taxidermist, a pelican fancier, a hostler and a sky-writer. It would border on intelligence if you summoned a person who, by talent, by preference and by a lifetime of experience, had been identified with the making of soup.

So, if you want to find the best motion pictures of the year it would impinge upon imbecility if you put the selection up to any human beyond the person who has contributed the most important element in the making of pictures.

When the Screen Writers' Guild voted last month for the five best-written pictures of 1934, the winners are henceforth justified in regarding the overwhelming choice of the craft as an accolade they may wear with pride and joy. True, it incites one's vanity to be identified with the consensus of any group which sets out to pick the best films of any given period.

But we all know that when such groups do register their selections, the writer is the last factor in the sum total that they have in mind. The box office take; the popularity of the star; the gratuitous stunts of the director; and the puissant influence of a given studio—these are the motivations crouched behind the decisions of trade papers, the Academy; the critics' polls, and so on.

Second only to the real joy of writing is the joy the members of the Guild experienced when they finally were given an opportunity to acclaim the pictures which, in their mature and deliberate judgment, best warranted their superlative commendation.

In a box in the center of these columns will be found the five champions, with the names of their creators; and the five next-best which deserved the title of "Honorable Mention." And the world may be sure that, at last, awards of merit have been conferred free from all partisan persuasion, producer pressure, and professional envy. They are the best-written pictures of the year, and nobody will have the temerity or the effrontery to deny it!

In passing, it is highly interesting, and, I believe, highly important, to observe that these five winning pictures

are, palpably, the ones in which the studios permitted the writers more leeway than they usually do. You can see, you can feel, you *know*, as you see them on the screen, that the free rein given the victorious writers of these pictures bore rich and profitable fruit in the final result. When will producers learn that the only person who can write is a writer!

AWARDS FOR FIVE BEST-WRITTEN PICTURES OF 1934

1. "It Happened One Night"—Screen Play by Robert Riskin, from story by Samuel Hopkins. Columbia.
2. "The Thin Man"—Screen play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, from story by Dashiell Hammett. M.G.M.
3. "The House of Rothschild"—Screen play by Nunnally Johnson and Maude T. Howell. 20th Century.
4. "One Night of Love"—Screen play by S. K. Lauren, Edmund North and James Gow from Charles Beahan original. Columbia.
5. TIED: "Of Human Bondage"—Screen play by Lester Cohen from Somerset Maugham novel. Radio.
"The Gay Divorcee"—Screen play by George Marion Jr., Dorothy Yost and Edward Kaufman from stage play. Radio.

HONORABLE MENTION

- "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, Ernest Vajda and Claudine West, from Rudolph Besier play. M.G.M.
- "Viva Villa"—Screen play by Ben Hecht. M.G.M.
- "20th Century"—Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Columbia.
- "Crime Without Passion"—Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Paramount.
- "No Greater Glory"—Jo Swerling. Columbia.

The first annual dinner-dance at which these Guild selections were made public was an unqualified success. Thursday night, Dec. 20, last, saw the Trocadero Cafe thronged with the greatest aggregation of literary ability probably ever to assemble in one building! The place was positively magnetic with talent. Of the 750 members of the Guild, more than 500 attended; and the absentees were kept away only by illness, occupation, enforced absence from town, or failure to make reservations in time.

Many of those who could not be there sent in their ballots for the best pictures. There were 619 votes cast; and it is certain that next year, so great was the success of our first contest, every writer will take part.

The Arrangements Committee was forced to turn down nearly 250 tardy requests for reservations, because of the Trocadero's capacity. Judging from the popularity of the first dinner-dance, the one next December will have to be held in the Stadium!

The entertainment was applauded generously; and the innovations of the Champagne Magnum raffles, and the "horse races," helped to swell the receipts, all of which went to the Guild treasury. With the knowledge and experience gained at this, our first, gala affair, Guild members may look forward with confidence that next year's festivities will really set a new high in Hollywood affairs.

Meantime, John Emerson, that stalwart old quill wielder and bon vivant, is preparing the Certificates which will soon be engraved and delivered to the talented writers who won this year's ballot. They will be magnificent specimens of the engravers' and printers' art, and they may well be regarded by the recipients as a badge of glory won on the most difficult writing field in the whole literary world—the *one* field where the fate of your brainchild is largely in the hands of a dozen other individuals, producer, director, supervisor, actor, camera man, cutter, editor, sound recorder, casting director, exhibitor.

Is it any wonder that most of the youngsters writing for pictures are fast growing grey headed as they stand helplessly by and watch what happens to what they write!

Asteroids . . .

Florine Bale

TENSHUN! All you rookies who were in training at Camp Pike. Florine is now a major.

You remember five year-old Florine who used to dance for you. She has been dancing for you on the screen for the past four years. She was one of Albertina Rasch's girls. She was in "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Dancing Lady," and many others, and you will see her soon in the Ramon Navarro and Evelyn Laye picture, "The Night is Young."

Miss Bale is also an expert swimmer, being a Red Cross life saver. But her most spectacular work is done on horse back.

Victor McLaglen (Colonel to you) saw



her top-sergeanting a group of girl riders and asked her to organize an auxiliary to his Light Horse Troop. Miss Bale got together twelve equestriennes. Now there are seventy-five, and she is a major.

The military has influenced Florine's life. After the applause at Camp Pike she could not settle back to her Elsie Dinsmore ways. She continued with her dancing and presently was doing specialty work with an orchestra that took in all the southern states. Then followed work with a Fanchon and Marco show.

In the meantime, her parents had moved to Los Angeles and Florine started in pictures in order to stay at home.

This month she leads her troop to San Francisco, along with Colonel McLaglen's, at the invitation of the Frisco chamber of commerce.



W. S. McDunnough

Do you remember the doctor in "East Lynne," and in "Johanna," or the admiral in "Excuse Me" back in silent days?

You saw him also in "Merry Widow," and in "One Night of Love."

Talking pictures didn't help him, but they didn't beat him.

Mr. W. S. McDunnough is not a trained actor. He refuses to undertake talking parts. But his distinction could not be passed by. And for the past five years he has been one of busiest extras in Hollywood. A gentleman to his finger tips, he is used every time a gentleman is needed for a non-speaking part.

And his breeding is not restricted to his parts. He is known as the most courteous man on the sets. His hobby is friendships. And at the recent parading of dress extras he received the heartiest applause.

Mr. McDunnough was a railroad office executive in Chicago and in 1920, at the age of fifty, he gave up a well paid post because his wife wished to live in sunny California. Incidentally, they arrived during one of the heaviest rainstorms on record.

A letter to Uncle Carl Laemmle started him in pictures and he was soon being used in parts of doctors, judges, officers and diplomats.

The talkies threw him back into the ranks. But this did not discourage or embitter him. He took his calls thankfully and did his work graciously, and is one of the extras who has consistently made a decent living during the past five years.

Gwen Zetter

Gwen Zetter is Garbo's compatriot, but she never plays on the fact. Like Garbo, however, she does spend much of her time alone. But the reason is different. She likes to study—everything from shorthand to metaphysics. When she isn't studying while waiting around on sets she busies herself with knitting—at present a quilt which requires painstaking work on its hundred odd squares.

Tall, graceful and naturally blonde, she is in heaviest demand for dress work.

Born in Stockholm in 1910, her real name is Gunhild Ingrid Zettergren. In 1920 she came to America to visit an aunt and uncle in Chicago. They per-



suaded her parents to let her remain with them and go to school in America.

When she was seventeen her uncle suffered financial losses and Gwen went out to work. Fate threw her with the Orange Crush people and presently they gave her a vacation and a round trip ticket to the land of oranges. Gwen liked California so much that she over-stayed her ticket, and found herself without the means of returning to her job.

She went to work at Bullock's Wilshire modeling clothes and from there into extra work.

Practicality is Miss Zetter's outstanding characteristic. She designs her own clothes, sets her own hair, does her own housework. Her studies are being carried on with a purpose.

Drawn by John Carr

Warner Baxter

Meet the "Cisco Kid" and the best screen performer of 1928-1929. Hollywood resisted his charm for many years, although he was the first to use the gag of the sprained ankle gives the boy a chance. He was a traveling salesman with a yen for the theatre at that time. Dorothy Shoemaker's partner broke an ankle on Saturday night with the act scheduled to open in Louisville on Monday. True to more recent scenario form, Warner had his songs and dance routine down pat, and remained with the company for four months. Then he sold insurance, and then invested his savings in his brother-in-law's garage in Tulsa,



arriving there just after the creditors and the sheriff. Stock company in Tulsa and then Hollywood. Grew thin on promises, then signed by Oliver Morosco to a long term in stock where he alternated with Edmund Lowe and Richard Dix under the stage direction of Dave Butler. Morosco took him to New York for "Lombardi, Ltd." Married Winifred Bryson, and returned with her to Hollywood, where Paramount engaged him to play opposite Ethel Clayton. His first important hit was "In Old Arizona." Then followed such successes as "Romance of the Rio Grande," "The Arizona Kid," "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Renegades," "The Cisco Kid," "Daddy Long Legs," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Grand Canary," and "Hell in the Heavens." On loan-outs he made such successes as "42nd Street," "Penthouse," and "Broadway Bill."

**Loretta Young**

Always bright and twinkling, she reached a new stellar magnitude in "The House of Rothschild," and less opportune roles have not dimmed her lustre. Was christened Gretchen, and is the most sparkling of a family constellation. Is one of the big Salt Lake City contingent, but went Hollywood at four when her father became business manager for George Melford, the director. Her brother Jack led the family assault on the screen, appearing in several of Wally Reid's pictures. Polly Ann came next, and inadvertently gave Gretchen her chance. She wasn't at home one day when Mervyn LeRoy phoned her to come to the studio for a screen test. Gretchen answered the phone, took the call, and became Loretta Young in Coleen Moore's "Naughty but Nice." In 1929 Loretta became a Wampus Baby Star, as did also her sister Sally, Miss Blane to us. Strangely, she never liked school. But that did not keep her from being sent to Romona Convent. She dislikes swimming, but her favorite sport is speed-boating.... is a skilled equestrienne.... likes dancing and is fond of good music. Attends movies at every opportunity and keeps a scrap-book. Her latest pictures have been "Midnight Mary," "Man's Castle," "Zoo in Budapest," "Born to be Bad," "House of Rothschild," "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," and "The White Parade."

Franchot Tone

Franchot Tone was born at Niagara Falls, but has resisted all efforts on the part of the fairer sex to lure him back there. Is Broadway's gift to motion pictures, but has resisted the efforts of producers to lure him back there.

He is one of the heirs to the Carborundum Company, of which his father is president. But he thought carborundum was humdrum, and after finishing Cornell in three years and attending a summer session at the University of Rennes, in France, he entered a stock company in Buffalo. It might be mentioned that he had been president of the



Cornell Dramatic Club while in college. Played in "The Belt" at the New Playwright's Theatres in Greenwich Village, and later with Katherine Cornell in "Age of Innocence." After "Cross Roads," he went into Theatre Guild Productions in 1929, and then was Lenore Ulric's leading man in "Pagan Lady." Original member of the Group Theatre, appearing in "The House of Connolly," "1931" and "Night Over Taos." His work in "Success Story" brought him a long term contract in motion pictures. Golf, swimming, detective stories and movies are his hobbies with dancing and bridge second. Made his picture debut in "Today We Live," followed by "Gabriel Over the White House," "Midnight Mary," "Stranger's Return," "The Dancing Lady," "Moulin Rouge," "Sadie McKee," and "100% Pure."

Bacardi Interlude . . .

IT was a promising looking party from my angle at the doorway. Whatever reluctance I had felt at being included among the guests via the "Bring him along, of course" route began to disappear when I recognized several familiar faces among the crowd in the white drawing room, and vanished completely when I turned to be introduced to the hostess, Mrs. Raine. She welcomed me with genuine warmth.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said "Especially now that I've heard you're a writer. Jack will tell you himself: I have a particular brand of admiration reserved for you frightfully clever people!"

Naturally, I warmed up like a Franklin stove at that. Jack and I drifted on into the room, absorbing cocktails and conversation. I had to admit that I was glad he made me come—it was a swell party, etc., meaning, of course, that the hostess had launched me auspiciously—with champagne.

Before long—and far from unwillingly—I found myself being guided by that delightful person herself over to an intimate little corner apart from the crowd. We regarded each other with just the right mixture of mutual interest and admiration.

"Do tell me something more about yourself," she began, with a heart-warming smile, "I really meant it when I said I was partial to writers!"

My ego by now had begun to show a faint flutter of life, but I modestly—and truthfully—admitted that I was far from being one of the big shots among the writing fraternity.

Mrs. Raine chuckled. "Perhaps. But you *write*—that's the important thing! What studio are you with?"

I told her I was at Fox, which seemed to please her. By now, I had decided she was one of the most charming—not to mention understanding—people I'd met in a long while. When she wanted to know the names of some of the scripts I'd written, diplomatically pleading a bad memory, I glibly started to rattle off, "EL MISTERIO DE LA NOCHE; HAY UN PARAISO—" Then, seeing her startled expression and realizing my mistake, I translated, "That means, MYSTERY OF THE NIGHT and THERE IS A PARADISE. You see, I'm a writer in the Spanish department at Fox-Western Ave."

Her eyebrows were still up near her hairline. She managed, "Oh—I see . . . foreign versions . . ."

My ego subsided into its dusty corner at the faint but unmistakable disappointment in her voice. I made a valiant attempt to redeem myself: "The Spanish film market is the second largest in the world, you know . . ."

It was no use. All the glow had gone out of her face, leaving a dangerously strained smile in the vicinity of her ample chin. Once again, by this simple admission of guilt, I had lost caste—been dismissed as a nobody masquerading as the real McCoy.

I should have taken the cue, as usual, and subsided into polite, apologetic

silence. Instead, I felt long pent-up wrath rising, and my voice with it. I grabbed the good lady firmly by one jewelled wrist, making escape not only undignified but practically impossible.

"Listen here!" I muttered, "Just because the scripts credited to me ring the box-office bell to the tune of pesos instead of four-bit pieces doesn't make me a nonentity!"

She stared at me, paralyzed.

I rushed on, proceeding to enlighten her—in the name of all belittling story editors, blase agents, and sneering celeb-

(Continued on page 17)



I was hypnotized once, before I was married—but my husband doesn't know about it.

London Lowdown . . .

By John Paddy Carstairs

MOST everyone making a statement at this time and in this annual number will quite rightly content himself with a statement regarding the department in which he is a specialist. I propose to generalise on a matter which I think is of the greatest importance to the British motion picture industry at this time.

As the years roll by and we perfect our directorial man power, our camera work, settings, sound and general production polish, we steadfastly refuse to give the story any consideration. The reason in nine cases out of ten for the success of the big American pictures today can inevitably be traced to a watertight story or an excellent piece of screen treatment. Not that I suggest the importation of a vast number of Hollywood writers. We have had American script men who have not, for the most part, been a great success, possibly because some of them were second-raters, possibly because the wrong man has been chosen for the job. But I do believe that for pictures aimed at a world market, a certain number of established American writers, writers who will co-operate with a British colleague in an attempt at a workmanlike Anglo-American screen play, will certainly help a situation that is becoming desperately acute.

We cannot deny that our talent in the writing field is by no means behind that of America, and today it cannot be said that we are skimped in financial matters. It is true that America pays her screen writers many times more than we do here, but when we boast of big financial productions, surely it should be possible to allot a little more money to the branch of the production by which it stands or falls. Unfortunately, too few producers realize the importance of the screen writer proper. If a famous novelist is employed on a story, it seems to be the usual method to allow anybody with a knowledge of camera angles to collaborate on the screen play.

Experience in Hollywood studios convinces me that not only is there a complete lack of thought and care in many cases in the scenario of British films, but the lack of proportion is often amazing. How can a company planning to spend from £20,000 upwards on a production possibly have an excellent screen play in a mere half dozen weeks?

Now that we are making films for world consumption, and having made such great strides in other departments, can we not devote some time to our scripts?

Rain, more rain and, (yes you guessed it!) Rain again!! But in spite of this, London is still THE bright spot of Europe although all the movie shots who say they know their entertainment rackets are off to Budapest for the New Year... a flock of indifferent plays have hit London with Alex Korda's production of "Mary Read" one of the few real winners.... Johnnie Van Druten had a flop at the Whitehall but it was beautifully written.... don't think Van D. has had a bad play yet—all of 'em show signs of amazing skill... ho! hum! Mike Arlen's horrible thriller "Hell! Said the Duchess" is laid some years from now and then he goes and gives his characters very 1934 dialog.... not done at all, Mr. Kouinjam!.... tush and lush me! those pseudo-Brighton scenes in "Gay Divorcee" got a few sniggers this side but we like the musical a lot.... Hollywood can be found at the Savoy

Grill any night.... that is, all of 'em in *this* metropolis.... we thought Bill Howard made mighty intelligent use of the close-up in "Evelyn Prentice".... the little Embassy Theatre and Mr. Ronald Adam deserve a note of applause for their attempts to discover new writers... Elstree and Hollywood might note!.... John Gielgud getting best actor of the year raves for his "Hamlet"; better than Barrymore they say... credit for "scenario and screenplay" is a naive British title here.... what no additional dialog?!.... best British pic of the year is "MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH" which proves, once again, that director Alfred Hitchcock is easily the best Technician in this burg!.... Tim Whelan, former RKO-Radio scriptor and now megging this end, had the courage to turn down a swell contract here to direct a biggie.... said he did not like the story and that was that!!

"A Script Girl Asks A Question"

By Ethel La Blanche

WHEN I first started in this script-girl racket, a lot of my friends said I wouldn't keep the job for more than three weeks because being a script girl, they said, was a crazy job. Well, in answer to that, I've been one now for three years... and I like it!

I like it chiefly because it *IS* a crazy job.

I like it because they hand you a script written especially for Shirley Temple—and then you find out they've hired Zasu Pitts instead—because Mac West is busy.

I like it because when a \$3000 a week star forgets her lines, they blame the script girl.

I like it because when they photograph a sequence in a Turkish harem, decorated according to the authentic demands of a half dozen high-priced technical experts and finally discover, after the preview, that the curtains on the windows were of Irish lace—they blame the script girl.

I like it for a lot of other reasons, too,—but because I *do* like the job so much, I wish I knew more about it. For instance: Just how far should a script girl go in "taking it." Because last night a new problem came up....

We had worked all day in the studio under the hot, eye-fatiguing lights. Then, after dinner, we had worked till midnight in the dampening fog. Shortly after twelve, I was told to report to the producer's office.

Of course, the first thing I wondered

was—What had I done now?—Nothing in particular that I could remember, except perhaps the time I had to sneeze during the leading lady's dying scene... Well, anyway, into the producer's office I went.

"Hello, dear," he said in friendly tones, "I am glad they caught you before you went home.... I have rented a room for you tonight at the Roosevelt Hotel...."

"You what?" I said with a surprised expression.

"You see," he went on, "our leading woman has had a quarrel with her boyfriend. Right now you should see her eyes! Like puffed slits! And she's got to be quieted down. So, like a good girl you sleep with her tonight, and see that she gets a good night's rest.... We can't afford to have her puffy-eyed in the morning for her close-ups! The script don't ask for no puffs! And...."

"Just a moment!" I interrupted. "Are you asking that I sleep with the leading lady tonight because she doesn't feel well?"

"That's it!" he said, seeming amazed at the quick manner in which my brain functioned.

.... And that's it....

Now, what I'd like to know is this: Is the above just another of the poor script girl's duties? Or is it not?

Because tomorrow night the leading man may not feel so well.

And I'd hate to establish a precedent.

Too Much Knowledge Retards Progress . . .

By Lolita Ann Westman

ONCE upon a time I decided to be an author. I figured myself thoroughly equipped, having majored in literature and rhetoric and having a superficial knowledge of Dickens, Hugo, Cooper, Meredith, Bulwer-Lytton, General Wallace, Thackeray, Thurston, Du Maurier, Balzac, Scott and the rest of those old masters.

What's more, a very good chum of a former business associate of my father's was an editor-publisher and, shades of immortal Dumas, had put himself on record as anxious to be hailed as the discoverer of my output!

I was all set. A new typewriter, a half dozen pencils, a sharpener and three reams of paper, also an eraser.

Now for an idea. A few seconds of concentration and on the wings of inspiration I flew to the phone.

"What do you think of this?" I asked the Editor. And launched into a brief outline.

He stopped me. "It ought to be good. It put Poe over."

Did I burn! He had virtually accused me of plagiarism! Well, I would give him what he least expected. I would honeycomb the field of fiction and tackle one of the subjects that hadn't been covered.

I'd start up north. I dare say a layman who had never been outside of Gopher Prairie could write a Northern story by glancing over the books of James Oliver Curwood, Robert W. Service, Rex Beach and William MacLeod Raine. No; that was cold. They had frozen me out long ago!

South! John Fox, Jr., Harriet Beecher Stowe, E. K. Means and Octavus Roy Cohen. Hm, it wouldn't be healthy to poach on those preserves!

East! Good heavens, O. Henry fine-combed New York long ago, and what he left Fannie Hurst put into Jewish stories. Frank L. Packard skulked around in the underworld and F. Scott Fitzgerald tipped over the bottle of high society. I was intimately acquainted with Lindy's thru Runyon!

Hopefully I faced toward the land of the setting sun. Let's see: there were Conrad, Bret Harte, Max Brand, Arthur Stringer and Harold Bell Wright! Horace Greeley certainly pulled a boner according to my way of thinking.

For a moment it was All Quiet on the Western Front—then I was off again. How about Cape Cod? Well, how about it? That was a delectable dish as served

by Joseph C. Lincoln along about the time I was in swaddling clothes.

I thought, momentarily, of taking a trip to Hollywood, then remembered that Garrett and Graham got there first.

Well, apparently my own country was a closed book. I should have to bridge the ocean. Nothing on the ocean to write about. Stacpoole was the Octopus there.

I landed in England among our friends Merriek, Locke, Shaw, and Wilde. Feeling somewhat of an intruder I bowed myself gracefully out again!

When I made for Spain I collided with Ibanez. Norway—Ibsen. Russia—Gorky. Germany—I. A. R. Wylie. Japan—Pierre Loti. Africa—Cynthia Stockley. Egypt—Achmed Abdullah. India—Kipling and Tagore. France—Colette and de Maupassant! And while I was about it, I dropped in to see Ben Hur and Beau Gest. Voila! It is enough!

The desert, alas, was drained by "the author of the Sheik," and Richard Harding Davis made South America taboo. Jack London journeyed from the South Seas to find the pot of gold in '49, so I pushed on to Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island.

Almost getting lost there, I went up in the air, which was unfortunate, for Ralph Connor was too expert a Sky Pilot for me to follow. I landed on Good Earth.

I had maneuvered myself into a Lady or the Tiger position. I had traversed the Broadway Highway of fiction, but was back right where I started.

Perhaps, I thought, it'd be a good idea if I wrote a story about my dog, but after due deliberation, I came to the conclusion that my dog doesn't do anything that hasn't been done by J. Allan Dunn's and Terhune's canines.

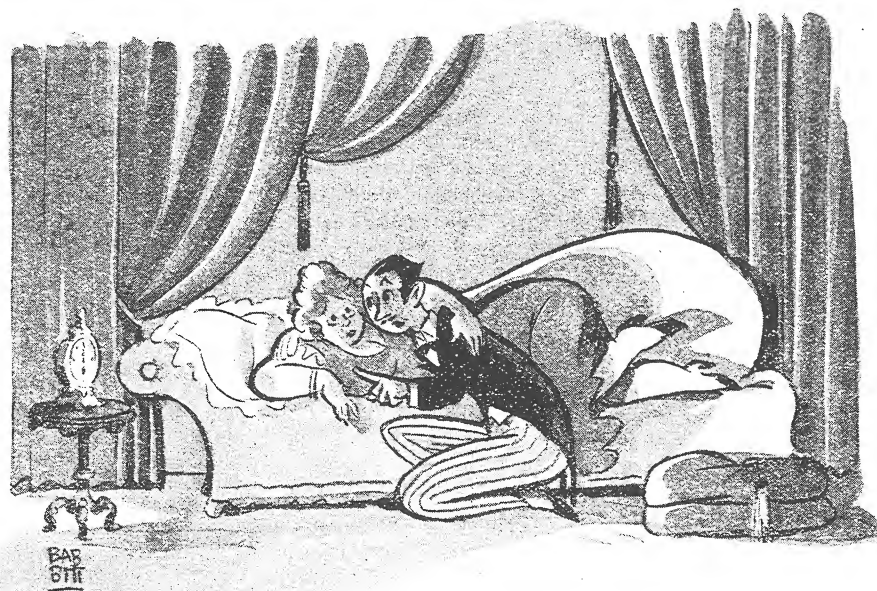
Other animals were just as easily disposed of. Pigs—Ellis Parker Butler. Horses—Black Beauty. Insects—Gene Stratton-Porter. Wolves—Louis J. Vance. Yellow Doves—George Gibb. Wild Geese—Gouverneur Morris. Apes—Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Deciding to rest, I entered Sheila Kaye-Smith's house and found Valentine Williams' divan, A. E. W. Mason's staircase, Christopher Morley's roll-top desk, Edgar Lee Master's spoons and rivers, Alice Duer Miller's kitchen utensils and a book on Zona Gale's table etiquette.

I fled from there to the Grand Hotel where, after rummaging around, I found Cabbages by Mrs. Wiggs. Onions by Berta Ruck. Bread by Charles Norris and Cheddar Cheese by Francis Lynde. It was all very Saccharine!

Also, I had to be careful of Arthur Train's poisons and Arthur B. Reeves' ghosts!

Continued on page 19



It's six o'clock. Would you want me to put in some overtime?

Berlin Letter . . .

The following excerpts from a recent letter written to one of the members of the Guild should, we believe, be of interest to everyone, insofar as it gives a clear and unprejudiced view of the film situation now existing in Nazi Germany. The writer's identity, for obvious reasons, cannot be revealed.

Picture production is a very difficult problem here nowadays. Herr Dr. Joseph Goebbels has established a Film Bureau. This man has to censor the scripts before they are produced, and the censorship is so strict that more than 50 per cent of all stories are prohibited. That means that most all really dramatic problems are tabu. A picture concerned with gangsters would be as much out of the question as an obscene picture. It all narrows down to a choice between comedies or propaganda — glorifying German heroes, German Nazi youth, etc. The result, of course, is that pictures to a great extent are bound to become rather dull fare.

"Then, how are pictures made? A man who connects with another man with some money rents an office. That is the producing company. They try to find a story, offering a certain number to the distributor. Now, in many cases, the distribution company is only for a certain district: thus, for instance, Rheinland, Bavaria, Silesia, Berlin, Mitteldeutschland, Norddeutschland — each one a separate distribution — have to agree to one story which, with their eventual agreement, the company hopes to produce. Naturally, it is the most difficult job to get those different distributors 'under one hat.'

"Well, supposing they have agreed on the story. They now send their salesmen out to sell—or rent—that picture to the theatres, providing it is eventually made. The theatres have to pay an advance, which advance the distributor in turn uses to pay his 'Guarantee,' which usually is 70 per cent of the cost of the picture. (The production cost for the average picture is approximately 200,000 RM or nearly \$50,000.) But since the distributor never can pay his entire 'Guarantee' at once, he issues a note, which in turn is 'hocked' with a bank by the producers to get the cash for their picture.

"The producer now goes to the one who makes the foreign sales and from him, also, gets another advance of 10 per cent—or more—of the production cost—all depending on how good the cast is. Only after all these details are settled, is the continuity written—which usually has to be done in the last minute . . . in two or possibly three weeks. The shooting schedule may be 10-20 days, but usually never over 12 days.

"You have to want to make a picture pretty badly to be willing to go through

the red tape.

"You remember M—K? He made one picture which turned out to be a success and had to wait a long time in order to go through the necessary ramifications to make another. Since the second picture was made by a 'non-aryan' producing company, the press roasted it, although it had a popular success. Now he is having a terrible time trying to get another picture to do, for in spite of the overwhelming success of his first picture, the fact that the press roasted the second is enough for the producers.

"Another director told me some of his troubles along that line. He had found a producer for a picture called 'The Road Beyond.' All the distributors agreed on it, except the one for Silesia. The deal was cold. Then it came up with another producer, but the Censorship Bureau prohibited it because the leading character had to steal from a grocer to help his friend. This

Blank Czech . . .

B. W., the scenario editor, buzzed T. S. once—no answer—so he buzzed again. A voice from the dictograph squeaked out 'No.' B. W. hung up and turned to Shnorus, of Mickleburg, Sternmap, Shstrump and Shnapper, agents.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Can't do anything with the chief."

"What's he got on his mind anyway—these days?"

"Nothing!"

"Huh?"

"Nothing!" It's the greatest story since 'The Eagle Roars.' "

"Has he got a cast set?"

"No he ain't even got it written . . ."

"But it's great—huh."

"It is — ex-cruciating," said B. W. sacredly borrowing the words of his chief.

"Look Shnorus—you haven't by any chance any Checks—?"

"Sure," said Shnorus, "you can play handball with 'em."

"I don't want no athlete—I got to have a Check who can write 'Nothing.' See it's laid in Praha!"

"There's Gibewitz . . ."

"Think we could get him . . ."

"Sure, he's right in town—and he'd work for beans!"

"Nothing doing—we got to import somebody expensive — this is T. S.'s favorite set-up."

"Well we might try Paderworski . . ."

situation was changed, as well as the title, after many squabbles, to 'Two Girls in a Taxi,' and after many weary weeks, another producer was found, the distributors all agreed—but then the picture could not be produced because of lack of sufficient 'names' and good actors for the cast.

"Fritz R.—finally unearthed a good story, but the producer insisted that some outdoor shots would have to be taken in a foreign country. The Devisenstelle clamped down on this because it would necessitate spending money on it outside the German borders.

"It's an unbelievable battle! When things go far enough to actually start production, there is always the problem of casting, which, because of the emigration of most of the big German actors and actresses, is perhaps one of the most serious of all.

"Agents, as you know, are prohibited by law—and the law is so strict that if you are caught breaking it, you are closed out of the Filmkammer, to which you *must* belong in order to be able to work at all. You have to do all the contacting and negotiating yourself. . . ."

Hollywood isn't such a bad place, my friends!

"No, he's Polish."

"Gosh—how about Gibewitz if he was in Praha—"

"Well—"

"And asked three pianos a week!"

"Perhaps—see what you can do—but remember the motto of this studio—'If it's important—import!'"

"Okey dokey — see you some other times—"

"Right—"

Shnorus rushed right over to Gibewitz. He found him up to the eyebrows in a bottle.

"Gibewitz!" he shouted.

"You gotta do something for me," replied the Check. "My salary is only fifty and I'll take thirty-five. You gotta do something." Then in very low tones, "The bottle's dying . . ."

"Gibewitz—" he shouted, "pack up—pack up—I think I can place you—" "Where?"

"At Superfluous—but you got to go to Czecho-Slovakia first—"

Gibewitz dropped his bottle and stared.

"Don't look questions—It's the chance of a lifetime — ever been in an airplane—?"

Gibewitz was puzzled, but he had learned to obey his agent, whose first instructions had been to 'sit tight' — he'd followed those words to the letter ever since — so why question Shnorus now? Anyway, he was hungry.

(Continued on page 20)

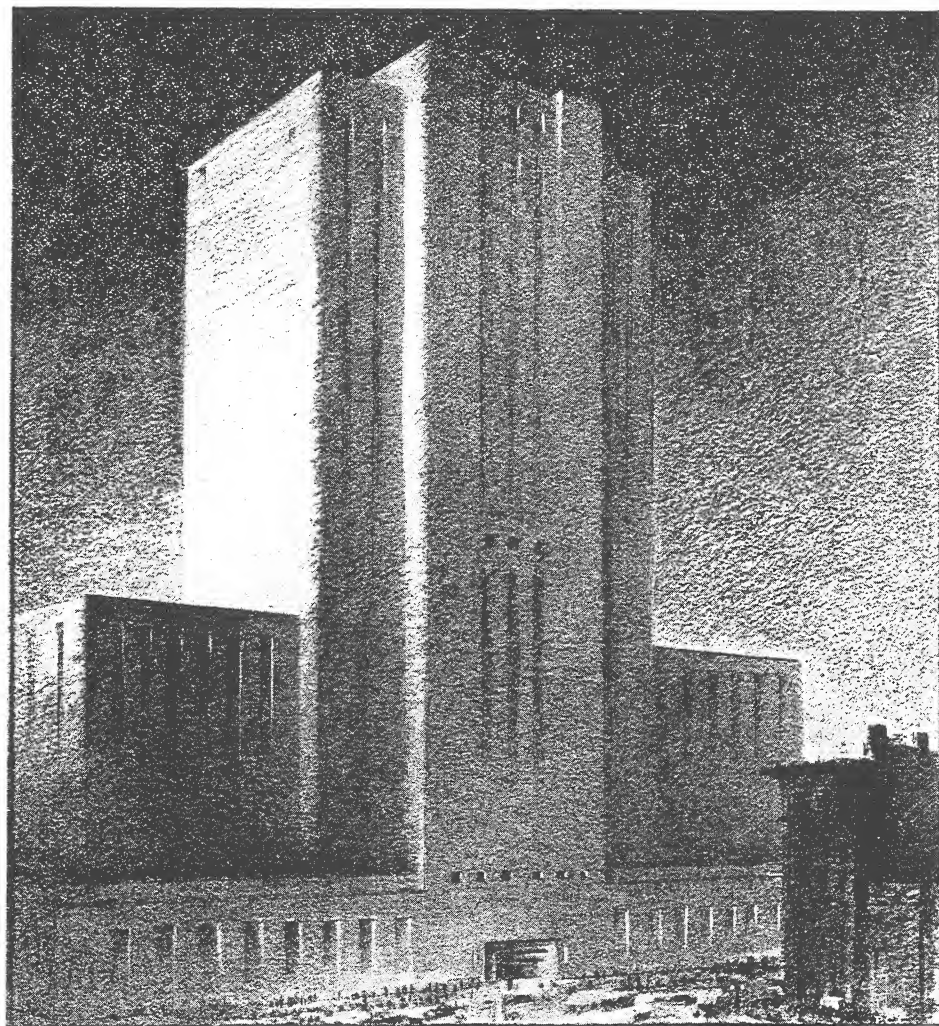
Versatility and Distinction of Studio

By Paul Chase

"Illustrator, designer and architect"; for one man to develop the separate abilities necessary to merit such a title, in the minds of most people, would be a mark of genius; would require super-human powers. Maybe it is,—and does.

Nevertheless, in the art departments of the various studios, men who rate that title are more often the rule than the exception. While the varied and unpredictable demands of motion pictures have had little to do, so far, with the development of such versatility, these demands have had everything to do with bringing together individuals of such unusual talent, and may, in the future develop an entirely new school of art. Who knows?

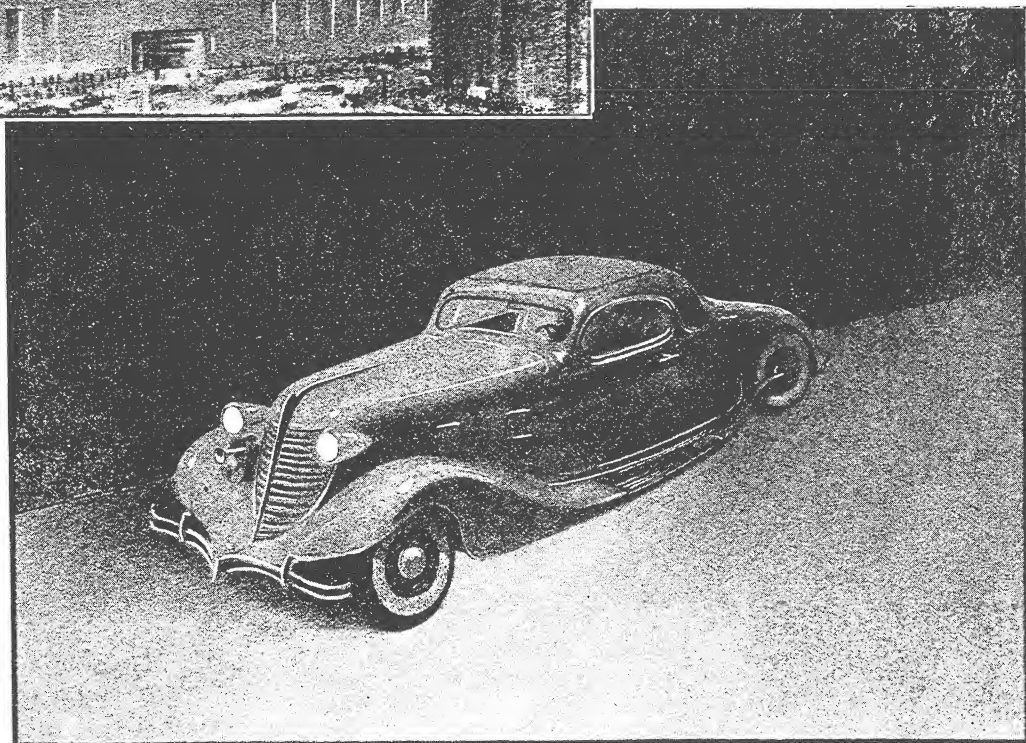
Many men with gained recognition in architecture, or indus-



Architectural designers must be thoroughly grounded in the fundamentals of construction.

Industrial design demands a sound knowledge of the manifold problems and processes of manufacture.

Upon the combined abilities of the designer depends proper coordination of Beauty, Utility, and Cost.



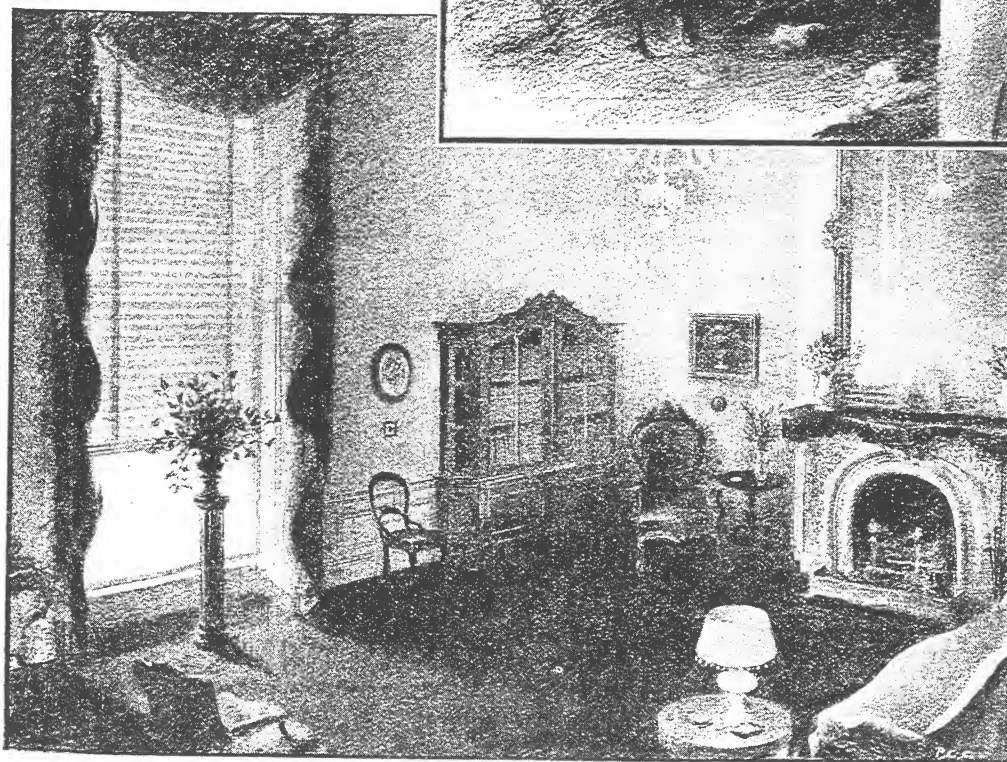
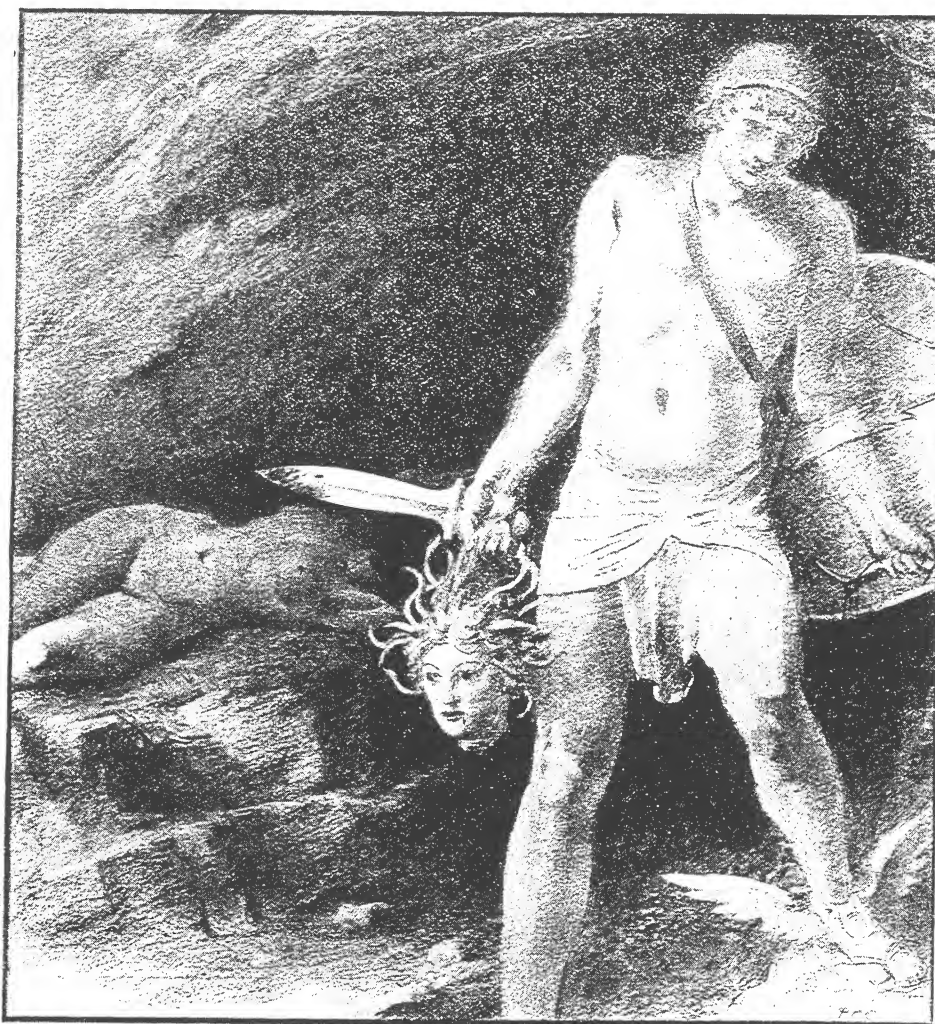
Technical Skill Studio Artists

Chapman

trial design, have forsaken their profession for the more versatile employment of their talent and ability in motion pictures. Likewise, illustrators of international renown have chosen this new field for broader expression.

Motion pictures so incomparably demonstrate the useful and decorative, as well as interpret thought and action, that truth in artistic and technical detail has become an increasingly important factor. Were this not true it is doubtful whether these men would find motion pictures a profitable field of endeavor.

The definite limitation of story situations compels an unrelenting search for the new. When these new, and sometimes strange, environments are woven into plots, ingenious creations, and quite often inventions, are demanded of the art department.



New treatments of old subjects are constantly demanded of studio artists

Serious consideration must be given to artistic treatment and technical detail of interiors.

Reproductions on this and the adjoining page are from charcoal renderings by Paul Chapman, designer and illustrator.

Junior Guild . . .

By Aubrey Blair

AS a New Year lies before us, it is with great interest that we look back upon a year of accomplishment. And by this past year may we judge what the future holds in store.

A year ago we were a weak and disorganized group of struggling individuals, trying vainly to demand our just rights. Then our fight was taken up by a group of higher salaried men and women who had a battle of their own to fight but who, nevertheless, did not lose sight of the fact that it was their duty to help protect the "little fellow" who had not the power to protect himself. Ann Harding, Bob Montgomery, Jimmie Cagney, Kenneth Thomson and many others have been waging war on our behalf, and will continue to keep a vigilant and ever-watchful eye on our welfare.

Pleasant changes have been wrought in the lives of the extras—if anyone feels that he has not received his rightful pay, he can make a claim against a studio, knowing that his claim will receive fair consideration and that he will get his adjustment. Telephone operators are polite when you ask for a job, door-men ask you to stand in line instead of shoving you — and your meal periods have become regular. Credit for all of this belongs to the Guild.

The Guild doesn't intend to dictate the policies of the film industry, but it recognizes its duty to defend the rights of its members. The Guild's future policy will be, as in the past, to establish and maintain fair and just rules that will aid both the producer and the performer. It is pleasing to note that as we have progressed so has the entire industry: the studios are now making money.

History reveals that the success of any campaign depends largely upon the leaders. Our leaders have been tried many times during the past year, but on each occasion they have stood for the good of all, and not for the privileged few. The future depends upon ourselves. As Mr. Cantor declared at our last mass meeting, "It takes an actor to beat an actor." If we support those who are leading us, we are bound to win.

To clear up certain rumors, it was necessary to send out a circular letter, which also contained a copy of a letter from Central Casting, signed by Campbell MacCulloch. Due to an oversight on our part, we neglected to mark Mr. MacCulloch's letter "copy," and we are

taking this opportunity to make the correction.

As the year drew to a close Central Casting gave the extras a Christmas present. If you live in Culver City or the surrounding territory, or if you are working at the Culver City studios, it is now possible for you to call Central without having to pay a ten cent toll. Central now has Culver City local lines in its office. The numbers are C. C. 2148 and 2149.

I had been discussing the possibility of free telephone service for those living in Culver City for some time, and at the Board of Directors meeting of December 3rd, the Board instructed me to submit the proposal to Mr. MacCulloch.

Notice

JUNIOR GUILD MEMBERS

**DO NOT DELAY FILING COMPLAINTS
WITH THE OFFICE. COMPLAINTS
SHOULD BE FILED WITHIN A WEEK
AFTER VIOLATION.**

* * *

**COMPLAINTS UNDER THE LATEST
RULINGS COVERING MEAL PERIODS
WILL BE ACTED UPON IF VIOLATION
OCCURRED AFTER OCTOBER 11, 1934**

Mr. MacCulloch invited Mr. Fred Beetson and me to a conference with a representative from the telephone company. I suggested that the extras who would profit by the new arrangement might absorb part of the cost. Mr. Beetson replied, "Mr. Blair, there are two things that you must keep in mind when you ask this office to do something that will help the extras. First, be sure that it actually will help the extras: Second, that it will not cost the extras one penny.

The result of the conference is that Central has increased its telephone bill one hundred and fifty dollars per month, while the extras will save one thousand dollars per month—surely a worthwhile Christmas present, for which the Guild is at least partly responsible.

THANK YOU, MR. WILKERSON

I know of nothing more effective as advertising copy for the Annuities being purchased in Hollywood through me than your Tradeview in the Hollywood Reporter of Dec 27.



● LADIES and Gentlemen of this production industry, stars, near stars and featured players, **SAVE YOUR MONEY.** Producers, writers, directors and technicians, **SAVE YOUR MONEY.**

This suggestion and warning are brought to you as a result of our spending the better part of two days going from room to room, hovel to hovel, institution to institution, with a real Santa Claus, who sought out the hundreds who used to be the GREATS of this business and who are now **DOWN AND OUT**, some almost starving, in his efforts to bring them a little cheer at Christmas.

● We saw and talked to men and women who were greater stars than even you; directors and writers whose work now would bring more money than any of you are making, but, contributing their best, as they did in the old days, were paid only a small fraction of what you are receiving now.

We talked to one of the greatest male stars this business ever had in point of box-office attraction. He was broke, had been broke for almost a year, is now living on what this county grants such derelicts. We heard the saving warning sounded by a woman whose very name would attract thousands of people to any given spot on a moment's notice, but who, when we talked to her, had not had a real meal in eight days. We heard a story of privation from the lips of a man who thought nothing of going out and spending a thousand dollars a night that would have sent cold shivers up and down your spine.

● Every one of the persons we visited was either too proud or humiliated to let any of their acquaintances know their condition in life, but this Santa Claus who asked us on the tour, had worked weeks to locate those he helped, and there was no individual in or out of this business who had as much joy with the presents he gave. He made those people, who were great favorites of yesterday, feel that they were back on top. He lavished on them the luxury of good solid food, new clothing, a good drink and a few dollars for their pockets. And that, to them, was more than a Merry Christmas.

. . . and Mr. Wilkerson practices what he preaches. Long before he wrote the above, he provided himself with a very substantial Annuity, purchased through

BENJAMIN LEVEN

ANNUITY COUNSELLOR

310 Guaranty Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
HEmpstead 3862

The Call Board . . .

THE 5-5 Committee having reached a deadlock, the proposals that the actor members of the committee have made to the producer members have been sent to the division administrator, Sol A. Rosenblatt, who will, as provided by the code, hold a public hearing and then render a decision.

The brief to be filed with the government by the actor members of the five and five committee in support of their proposals is being printed and will be made public early in January. Copies will be mailed to all Class A and B members.

The vote on the proposals, which deadlocked the committee, was taken on October 17th, but the amount of research necessary for a proper presentation of the case delayed the writing of the brief. It was further delayed at the request of Division Administrator Sol A. Rosenblatt to see if the results sought by actors could be obtained through negotiations between the Guild and the producers. Mr. Rosenblatt came to Hollywood for this purpose but failed in his efforts when the producers refused to sign any contract whatsoever with the Guilds on working conditions. Their offer was so unsatisfactory that it was promptly declined and Mr. Rosenblatt returned to Washington. Work was immediately resumed on the brief and it was completed December 27th.

The brief covers sixty typed pages and will be published with an appendix which will include the actors' proposals to the committee, the Academy free-lance contract, the Supplemental contract, the Academy rules for day players and a typical seven year stock contract. It begins with an analysis of actors salaries giving figures taken from the Rosenblatt report which will correct in the public mind, the impression that the average actor is a plutocrat, rolling in wealth. This is necessary to counteract the producer statement, often repeated, that actors earning from \$1000 to \$4000 a week should have no complaint about working conditions. The brief points out that only 63 actors and actresses earned more than \$1000 a week during 1933 and that 71 per cent of all actors earned less than \$100 a week during the same period. It further discloses that 28 per cent of the actors employed earned less than \$20 a week during 1933.

While the actor proposals contain provisions for the contract player, the largest part of the work of the actors on the committee was for the protection of the free-lance actor and the day player.

These are the people who have suffered most during the depression and whose bargaining power is often so low that they are unable to resist the constant efforts to reduce their compensation.

In order that the officials in Washington should understand the necessity for some of our proposals it was necessary to include in the brief a rather complete history of Actor-Producer relations dur-

States of America to be forced to argue that limitation of hours is just, is like arguing that two plus two make four." While the producer members oppose any limitation of hours we confidently expect the government to recognize the justice of our demands.

Our next proposal provides for written contracts for all day players, the justice of which is so obvious that it needs little discussion.

The proposals provide new contracts for day players and free-lance players. Both contracts call for continuous employment and the abolition of the "deal." Despite producer contentions that the "deal" works in favor of free-lance actors, your representatives found not one actor who was not whole-heartedly opposed to it.

The proposed contracts contain many changes from the present Academy contract, notably in the clauses covering hours, travel time, and arbitration. These are argued at length in the brief.

In the proposals for contract players, the question of working hours, suspensions and lay-offs, arbitration, retakes, loaning and working in several pictures at one time. The last two are of particular interest to free-lance actors as they would cause spreading of employment.

Your representatives proposed that the Call Bureau be eliminated. It is our belief that the Call Bureau is the first step toward the establishment of a central booking office and that it could be used as a clearing house for information regarding actor's employment and thus impair his bargaining power. Other serious abuses are possible under its set-up and we feel that it should be abolished.

The brief ends with arguments as to the legality of the proposals and a plea for a speedy hearing and decision.

The actor members of the committee feel that our proposals would add little to the cost of production and would help the industry by restoring the harmony so necessary to the making of good pictures. The work of the committee covered a period of nearly a year. There were eleven actual meetings over a period of thirteen weeks. The drawing of the brief has been a monumental task which could not have been accomplished without the complete cooperation and assistance of Laurence W. Beilenson, attorney for the Guild. We are ready to put our case in the hands of the N. R. A. Administration with complete confidence in the justice of our proposals.

Attention!!

Actors Guild Members

General Meeting

Hollywood Womens Club

7078 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

JANUARY 16, 1935

8:30 P. M.

FINAL RATIFICATION AND FULL
DETAILS OF AFFILIATION WITH
EQUITY REPORT OF ACTORS
REPRESENTATIVES ON 5-5
COMMITTEE

ing the past five years between 1929 and 1934. The brief also contains the story of the Guild's successful fight against the salary control and anti-raiding clauses of the code and its efforts to better working conditions under the code.

The brief then argues the specific proposals one by one beginning with hours of labor for actors which was the first subject discussed by the committee. The actor members of the committee believed this to be one of the most important of the proposals. To quote the brief, "In the year 1934 in the United

Screen Writers' Assignments

NOVEMBER 20 TO DECEMBER 27

1—Original Story; 2—Adaptation; 3—Continuity; 4—Dialogue; 5—Lyrics; 6—Music;

*—In collaboration.

AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE—Fox
"Heaven's Gate" 2-3-4*

BALDWIN, EARL—Warners
"Go Into Your Dance" 2-3-4

BALDWIN, EARL—Warners
"The Irish In Us" 2-3-4

BELDEN, CHARLES S.—Pathe (Inv. Prod.)
"Symphony of Living" 1-2

CASPARY, VERA—Columbia
Give Me Liberty" 1

CHANSOR, ROY—Warners
"The Green Cat" 2-3-4*

CLARK, HARRY—Universal
"Princess O'Hara" 2-3-4*
Paramount—"Milky Way" 2-3-4*
"Mr. Dynamite" 2-3-4*

COHEN, ALBERT J.—M.G.M.
"Times Square Lady" 1-2-3-4*

CUNNINGHAM, JACK—Paramount
"Mississippi" 3-4*
Untitled for W. C. Fields 3-4*

DARLING, W. SCOTT—Liberty
"Hollywood Hotel" 1-2-3-4

DOYLE, RAY—M. G. M.
"First of the Month" 2-3-4*

DUNNE, FINLEY PETER, JR.—Fox
"East River" 2-3-4*
"The Day Never Came" 2-3-4*

ERICKSON, CARL—Warners
"Black Fury" 3-4*
"Sampson" 3-4*

FARAGOH, FRANCIS E.—R.K.O. Pioneer
"Becky Sharp" 2-3-4

FIELDS, LEONARD H.—M.G.M.
"Get That Girl" 1-2-3-4*

GERAGHTY, GERALD—Mascot
Untitled story by Tom Mix 2*

GILBERT, L. WOLFE—R. K. O.
"Becky Sharp" 5-6*

GLASMON, KUBEC—Paramount
"The Glass Key" 2-3-4*

GOODRICH, FRANCES—M.G.M.
"Ah Wilderness" 2-3-4*

GOODWINS, LESLIE—R.K.O.
"Murder In Tin Pan Alley" 1-2-3-4*

GORDON, LEON—M.G.M.
"Age Of Indiscretion" 1
Paramount—"Stolen Harmony" 1-3-4*

GREGOR, ARTHUR—Cia. Nacional, Mex. City
"Adelita" 1-2-3-4-5

GREY, JOHNNIE—Columbia-R.K.O.
Langdon Comedy 1-2-3-4*
Ed Kennedy Comedy 1-2-3-4*

GRUEN, JAMES—Mascot
"Behind the Green Lights" 2-3-4*

HACKETT, ALBERT—M.G.M.
"Ah Wilderness" 2-3-4*

HAYWARD, LILLIE—Warners
"The Green Cat" 2-3-4*

HERZIG, SIG—Warners
"Broadway Gondolier" 2-3-4

HILL, ETHEL—Columbia
"Eight Bells" 2-3-4*

HOFFENSTEIN, SAMUEL—Samuel Goldwyn
"The Dark Angel" 2-3-4

HUGHES, LLEWELLYN—Fox
"East End, West End" 1-2

JOHNSON, NUNNALLY—20th Century
"Sing, Governor, Sing" 3-4

KARNOPP, A. J.—Hollywood Prod. & Distr.
(At West Coast Studios)
"Maniac 1-2-3-4

KIRKLAND, JACK—Paramount
"Sacrifice" 2-3-4*

KOBER, ARTHUR—Fox
"Recipe for Murder" 2-3-4

KRIMS, MILTON—R.K.O.
"Strangers All" 2-3-4

LOWE, EDWARD T.—Fox
"Charlie Chan in Paris" 2-3-4*

MACDONALD, WALLACE—Mascot
"One Frightened Night" 2-3-4*
"Behind the Green Lights" 2*

MAGIDSON, HERB—Universal
"The Great Zeigfeld" 5

MEEHAN, ELIZABETH—Universal
"Magnificent Obsession" 2

MILLER, ALICE D. G.—Fox
"Orchids to You" 2-3-4

MINTZ, SAM—Warners
"Harcut" 2-3-4

MORGAN, AINSWORTH—R.K.O.
"Boy of Flanders" 2-3-4

NEVILLE, ROBERT—Fox
"In Full Folly" 2-3-4*

PALMER, STUART—Universal
"Keep On Dancing"
(Murder in ¾ Time) 1*

PARSONS, LINDSLEY—Monogram
"Paradise Canyon" 1-2-3-4
"The Desert Trail" 1-2-3-4*

PARTOS, FRANK—Paramount
"Terror by Night" 2-3-4*

RIVKIN, ALLEN—Fox
"Okay, Argentina!" 3-4

ROBERTS, MARGUERITE—Paramount
"Jungle" 2

ROBINSON, CASEY—Warners
"Captain Blood" 2-3-4

ROTHAFEL, ROBERT CHARLES—Universal
"Call of the Savage" 3-4*

SCHARY, DORE—Warners
"Blue Moon Murder" 2-3-4

SCHUBERT, BERNARD—M.G.M.
"Three Wise Fools" 2-3-4

SEGALL, HARRY—Paramount
"Brazen" 1-2-3-4

SHANNON, ROBERT T.—M.G.M.
"Times Square Lady" 1-2-3-4*

STARLING, LYNN—Walter Wanger
"Private Worlds" 2-3-4

STEPHANI, FREDERICK—Paramount
"Drum Beats" 2-3-4*

STORM, JANE—Paramount
"Two For Tonight" 2-3*

TALYOR, DWIGHT—R.K.O.
"Top Hat" 1-2-3-4
Paramount—"Two on a Tower" 1-2-3-4

THEW, HARVEY—M.G.M.
"First of the Month" 2-3-4

THOMPSON, HARLAN—Paramount
"The Rose o the Rancho" 2-3-4*

TRAUB, JOE—Warners
"Gypsy Sweetheart" 1-3-4

TRISTRAM TUPPER—Universal
"The Great Impersonation" 2-3-4*

TWIST, JOHN—R.K.O.
"Puzzle of the Pepper Tree" 3-4*

UNGER, GLADYS—Universal
"Alias Mary Dow" 2

VEILLER, ANTHONY—R.K.O.
"Jalna" 2-3-4*

WEAD, FRANK—M.G.M.
"First to Fight" 1-2-3-4*

WEXLEY, JOHN—R.K.O.
"They Also Serve" 1-3-4

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Books, Plays, Articles, Stories

- BALDWIN, EARL**—"Eye Witness to Warner's Fire" Non-Fiction, Warner Studio Club News (2)
- BERANGER, CLARA**—"Private Life of Jimmie Durante" Non-Fiction (2)
- BERANGER, CLARA**—"Hollywood and Religion" Non-Fiction (2)
- BLOCHMAN, L. G.**—"Chinatown Squad" Fiction; Complete Stories Magazine (1)
- COWAN, SADA**—"A Woman's Touch" Fiction; Saml. French (3)
- EARLY, DUDLEY**—"An Interview; Non-Fiction; Picture Play (2)
- KIRKLAND, JACK**—"Tobacco Road" Fiction (4)
- KOBER, ARTHUR**—"Rubia" Fiction; The New Yorker (1) "He Sensed a Spark" Fiction; The New Yorker (1)
- ORR, GERTRUDE**—"Casual Husbands" Fiction; Haskell-Travers Co. (3)
- OUTERSON, CAPT. WILLIAM**—"The Royal Yard" Fiction; London Express (1) "The Long Voyage" Fiction; London Express (1)
- PALMER, STUART**—"Riddle of the Whirling Lights" Fiction; Mystery Magazine (1)
- RAPHAELSON, SAMSON**—"Accent on Youth" Fiction; Crosby Gaige (4)
- STARLING, LYNN**—"The First Apple" Fiction; Walter H. Baker Co. (4)
- WATSON, ROBERT**—"Hollywood Goes Scottish" Non-Fiction; Sunday Post, Scotland (2)
- WATSON, ROBERT**—"Filming 'The Little Minister'" Non-Fiction; Manitoba Free Press Canada (2)
- WEXLEY, JOHN**—"Southern Highway 51" Fiction; O'Henry Prize Stories 1934 (1)
1—Story; 2—Article; 3—Book; 4—Play

Design for Spring

A recent addition to the Hollywood scene is Weil's Fashion Salon, an exclusive but not expensive gown shop located on Hollywood Blvd.

Mr. Weil has set a pace in background setting and exclusive one-of-a-kind gown styles for the discriminating girl and woman, that spells fashion leadership.

His new arrivals for Spring include, among others, an irresistible collection of pastel silk semi-sport dresses for desert and beach wear, and a group of silk boucle two and three piece knitted suits at a remarkably low price. Silk prints, destined as a high fashion this season are also fully represented.

Hollywood Saves

To refute the charges of improvidence and lack of thrift that are made against players and writers in Hollywood, the figures of the New York Life show that for the past year, the second largest amount of cash business turned into that company by any of their agents came from Hollywood.

Benjamin Leven has sold very large annuities to more than 150 people prominent in films during the past year and has been signally honored by his company for his achievements. He counts among his most valuable assets the good will that has been built up for him through his advertising in the Screen Guilds' Magazine.

1935 Models

We stopped in to Henry S. Perren, Ford Dealer, to view the 1935 model V-8's. A short demonstration proved Mr. Perren's foresight in ordering an immense quantity of cars. He says they were bought to assure all buyers delivery within a few days from date of purchase.

While there, Mr. Perren showed us his list of Ford buyers in the movie colony. It looked like a complete Who's-who in the motion picture industry.



I'm going to turn over a new leaf—tomorrow.

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"OUT SKAPOOSE WAY"



H. S.
Hawkins

Old Zook Meeker wuz in th' P. O. this a. m. (H. S. Hawkins—postmaster) to receive them seeds sent him by Act o' Congress. Zook relates as how he's bin doin' a little Burbankin' lately by crossin' th' Bermoody Onion with a Mexico Red Pepper an' th' plant cried fer three weeks an' died o' th' CHILLS and FEVER. You gotta know Zook to understand him.

* * *



Zook
Meeker

Th' Skapoose Irrigation League presented yer correspondent last nite with a gold-trimmed turkey-foot back-scratcher fer bein' th' champeen taxpayer o' Sagebrush County. All o' which goes to prove that if yuh cast bread upon th' waters an' toss in a handful o' garlic it'll come back TURKEY STUFFIN' every time.

* * *



Big weddin' up at th' church last nite. (H. S. Hawkins—best man.) Gus Klunk versus Elly Griggs after a courtship that started last Spring when Elly sued Gus fer sneakin' his sheep into her pasture without lawful consent. "A romance that's ALL WOOL and a WIDE YARD" grins Amos Lunk durin' th' cake cuttin' festivities.

* * *



Gus Klunk
and
Elly Griggs

—Accordin' to "Horse Shoe" Hawkins, editor of "The Skapoose Gazette."

Dear Editor:

Not much news up in this Neck-o'-th'-Sagebrush lately. I ain't seen it so quiet since the year of the Big Potato Rot.



Otey
Honkwiler

Little Otey Honkwiler has become quite a problem fer our local school board this week. (H. S. Hawkins — chairman.) Seems as tho Doc Snorp-tuttle administered AS — FIDDITY, SULPHUR an' MOLASSES fer Otey's growin' pains an' Miss Myrtle Sprout, (teacher) refuses to allow little Otey within 40 rods o' th' school. "Teachin' him under ANY condition ain't no bed o' roses" sed Mertie t'day when asked to report to th' board.

* * *



Oliver
Tewksbury

Oliver Tewksbury (local poet and hawg-raiser) must be in love these days. Anyway, here's another of his pomes he sent in to Th' Gazette last week . . .

SPRING!—by O. Tewksbury

Sweet mating season when Cupid's arm
Grips youthful lovers with stalwert
charm
An' azure clouds 'mongst a fletin' sky
Skip hither an' yon—even as You an'
Me!

* * *



Grampa
Mudd

Grampa Mudd, who's bin deaf since th' year o' th' Big Onion Freeze, had

By
"Pinto" Otey



ILLUSTRATED by the AUTHOR
and WRITTEN by the ARTIST

quite a mishap last Tuesday, week. Accordin' to Red Honkwiler (Otey's dad, who runs th' poolroom) Grampa got his whiskers caught in a hay bailer while lookin' fer his ear trumpet. "Purtjest bale o' cotton I seen since leavin' th' South," remarks Red when interviewed by th' Editor of th' Gazette.

* * *

NOTICE — Deacon Moseby of the Community Church wishes to announce that the regular Wednesday nite Bible Class will hold its regular Wednesday nite class on Friday nite this week, instead of Thursday as usual.

"Horse Shoe" Hawkins

A Move for the Better

Beginning January 25, Chryson's, the ultra smart gift and stationery shop, so long established in the Hotel Roosevelt corner on Hollywood Boulevard, is moving to 9480 Wilshire Boulevard, in the block east of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.

The move is intended to tie-in with the increasing popularity of that sector for social and professional activities. Chryson's make a specialty of gift items, costume jewelry, stationery and decorative pieces, all done in the modern manner and to please a clientele that expects something different from the items found in the usual shop.

Guild members should take advantage of the removal sale now going on at the old address.

10th Anniversary

To inspire and hold the confidence of the public is the secret of all successful business. Established ten years ago and now going stronger than ever, Pesterres have acquired an enviable reputation for quality, dependability and fair dealing. As proof of this, they have on their books practically every well known name in the Picture, Professional, Business and Sporting World. Men and women of discernment who are thoroughly well acquainted with values the world over and who have unerring judgment in the "right thing to wear" find Pesterre's shop equal in every respect to the finest in Europe.

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\$50.00 per case, 24 ½ bottles

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\$32.50 per case, 12 fifths

Bacardi Interlude ...

(Continued from page 6)

rity collectors—about the little known or appreciated facts concerning Spanish production in Hollywood: that they are *productions*, not "versions"—prepared and executed, from story conference to shooting, exactly like any English picture. They are not so-called "program" pictures. A greater variety of stories on the schedule of any producing unit would be hard to imagine. Using such well-known Latin stars as Catalina Barcena, Raoul Roulien, Rosita Moreno, Conchita Montenegro, Jose Mojica, Rosita Diaz, Tito Coral—the Spanish product draws big audiences in Mexico, South America, Spain, and other Spanish-speaking localities—audiences eager to see their favorites in movies made with the Hollywood technique.

The script is written and discussed in English. The directors are all American. The crew and the cameramen are the same as those employed for English productions. The producer and the supervisor are both well-known in connection with English pictures. The only difference lies in the fact that before the picture goes into production it is translated into idiomatic Spanish the cast is Spanish, and there is a Spanish dialogue director on the set. Save for an inability to understand the language, anyone with half an eye for good production and entertainment—whether from the standpoint of story, direction, costuming, setting, or scoring—would have to admit that the finished product coming out of the Spanish department is equal to the better pictures designed for American audiences.

Because it is destined for the screens of other countries, little publicity is given to it here. But, considering the influx of foreign talent washed to our shores on the tides of successful European pictures, it seems strange that everyone—with few exceptions—from producer to prop boy—dismisses one's accomplishments in connection with foreign pictures made right here under their noses with less than a passing nod.

"Good pictures are good pictures, regardless of their nationality!" I declaimed, pausing just long enough to tilt another cocktail down my parched throat.

When I opened my eyes again, I saw that Mrs. Raine had slipped away and was already safe in the harbor of a group of writers—*real* writers. She was looking my way and gesticulating excitedly.

I was thinking about leaving, anyway.
—B. R.



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Moaning At The Bar . . .

By Robert Lord

I DON'T like this party. Too many people. That's the trouble with parties out here. Always too many people. And all of 'em lice. Just lice. There's no real culture. Nobody appreciates the finer things. Just a lot of lice pandering to the lowest instincts of a peasant mob and getting paid fabulous salaries for doing it. The whole picture business is a cess-pool. Soda-jerkers and waitresses who call themselves actors, taxi-drivers supposed to be directors, the writers—a herd of poor, pathetic morons. It's a pitiful spectacle to a highly educated man like myself. I'm lonesome. Nobody to talk to. Nobody to exchange mature ideas with. I'm alone on my pinnacle looking contemptuously down on all you little ants scurrying pitifully in and out of your ant holes. I've lived in all the great cities of the world. I know London intimately and I used to have a flat in Vienna. How do you expect a man of my intellectual stature to adjust himself to the standards of an overgrown Iowa village? I'm the greatest living writer of prose America has ever produced. My style is unique, inimitable. I've got tenderness and passion in my books. Yes, sir, tenderness and passion. Why should I defile myself trying to write for pictures? If you gave 'em anything good, they wouldn't understand it. And if a miracle happened and they could understand it, they wouldn't like it. Do you give a baby vintage champagne? No. You give it milk and pap. To hell with milk. Get a cow for that. I'm exclusively a vintage champagne man. The price of superiority is high. All great men are unhappy. I'm the unhappiest man who ever lived. I sit in my tower

of ivory and weep. I weep for the stupidity of the fools whose senseless laughter penetrates even the walls of my ivory tower. There's a very beautiful girl. Her hair is the color of ripe corn. Her eyes, purple pools of light. Her mouth is a red wound. But she's stupid like all the rest of you. My infallible instinct tells me that she's just an empty shell of beauty. If I were to talk to her, she wouldn't understand me. The old Greek ideal of the fine mind in the magnificent body is dead. In this whole community there isn't an athlete who reads Plato. I read the Socratic Dialogues when I was seven years old. At sixteen, I knew all the odes of Pindar by heart and I could walk the length of a football field on my hands. Feel that biceps. Like steel. Look at my stomach. Not an ounce of superfluous fat. Everybody at this party is fat. Fat in the muscles and fat in the head. You have to be like that to stand pictures. You have to be a cow. The whole picture business is the apotheosis of the bovine. There's a phrase for you. Have you got anybody writing for pictures who can make a phrase like that? I'm devastated by boredom. The more bored I get, the more I drink. The more I drink, the more disgusting I find everybody in this room. There's the most disgusting looking man I ever saw. He's a parody of a caricature of a human being. Who? You mean to say *he's* a big studio executive? I'm going over there and tell him a story. I've got the greatest idea for a story ever conceived by the brain of man. I'm going to tell it to him and make him listen—the louse! I scorn him. I spit upon him but I'll take his money."



Tom Kennedy Announces..

To my many friends in the motion picture industry I am happy to announce my association with Wilson Atkins as co-owner of Hollywood's popular **BRASS RAIL CAFE**.

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TOM KENNEDY.



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Knowledge Retards . . .

Continued from page 8

It would have been sacrilege to have tried to duplicate any of Ring Lardner's Fairy Tales, and in connection with Behind the Beyond there were Upton Sinclair, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher. In history, of course, H. G. Wells had left me on another planet.

It would have been a joke to attempt witticism after Mark Twain, George Ade, P. G. Wodehouse, and Irvin S. Cobb!

In the realm of womanhood what descriptive adjectives remained unmolested? I began with Pretty Lady and finished with The Woman God Changed and was forced to admit that there wasn't a woman present to whom I had not been introduced.

I could not hope to catch up to Owen Johnson's Skinny, Hugh Walpole's Jeremy and Hamlet and Horatio Alger's Tom the Bootblack! Adolescence received enough attention from Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson.

I took short journeys with H. Bedford Jones, Harold MacGrath, Richard Washburn Child and Arthur Somers Roche, and I returned exhausted. There was no more adventure left in me!

The Crime Wave was over. Conan Doyle had gone into spiritualism and Little Caesar was dead.

There were still mysteries but the greatest was to find one outside of the books of Caroline Wells, and S. S. Van Dine!

Efficiency experts and wrecks I promptly discarded, owing to E. J. Rath. Laws and conventions met the same fate on account of A. S. M. Hutchinson. And when I thought I'd start some serious drinking there was Dashiell Hammett!

Scandals and More Scandals belonged to no other but Cosmo Hamilton—and when I thought of Geniuses, Thomas Dreiser and Kathleen Norris immediately came to the rescue of their brain children.

What An Avalanche! But I would continue. You Never Know Your Luck. I might yet find a place to slip in.

Not under Hergesheimer's Shawl—if my name was never carried down the ages. Nor would I step in Henry James Forman's Shoe!

Sweet young things had been taken care of by such authorities as Ethel M. Dell, Frank R. Adams, Floyd Dell, and Royal Brown!

After Ridgwell Cullum's Traitor came the revolver experts—Zane Grey

and Robert W. Chambers, and when Elinor Glyn's smoke of battle had cleared away, there were Warner Fabian's smoldering Young Flames! But they were promptly extinguished by the supply from Homer Croy's Water Tower and out of the ruins floated Basil King's Spirits on their way to Robert Vale's Hades!

A Son At The Front was consorting with Fombombo and Saramouche when I was struck with Palomar's Pride and, careless of Broken Barriers, left them—to accompany the Master of Men on his way to the Moon And Sixpence to Blow The Man Down!

Ian Hay was for, "A Man's Man!" Nalbro Bartley equally fervid about "A Woman's Woman!"

"Realism!" decreed Eugene O'Neill. "Potterism!" answered Rose Macaulay.

I think I was approaching The Crisis! In another moment Charlie Chan would corner me on the top of Faith Baldwin's Skyscraper, and I should have to send for Sax Rohmer's Dr. Fu and ask him to please bring along Mary Roberts Rinehart's surgical instruments! I had just had a vision of Daisy Ashford's Mr. Salteena carrying Hilda Conkling's Brass Pot!

By this time I had escaped to the Bridge of San Luis Rey where the telephone saved me from a meeting with Vina Delmar's Bad Girl; as she stood flirting with A Modern Hero.

"Listen," said the Editor, "I've just been telling a friend of mine all about you. He wants you to go to Hollywood and write for pictures."

"But there's nothing to write about!" I yelled. "The plots are gone! Put Yourself In My Place! What's the use —!"

"Nonsense!" said the Editor urbane-ly. "He wants you to write something entirely new. He wants you to write a love story!"

They picked me up from beside the telephone.

CREDITS

So many members and others have commented favorably on the beauty and appropriateness of the decorations at the Guild's second annual ball that we felt we ought to give credit where credit is due.

We want to thank William Haines for the ideas, and Hahn's Flowers, in Beverly Hills, for the execution of the year's outstanding floral decoration, which contributed so greatly to the pleasure of a highly successful evening.

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(Continued from page 9)

"Okey doke," he said softly—putting the bottle in his pocket and reaching down his hat.

* * *

Four weeks later Shnorus sat in the outer office of T. S.

About him hummed the busy fingers of secretaries unwrapping Academy prizes. Over the door was a beautiful piece of taxidermy—a stuffed director, with letters in gold beneath: "The first man ever to say 'No' to T. S."

Finally a note of chimes rang out of the organ against another wall. The secretary paused in her unwrapping and jerked a thumb in an arc from Shnorus to T. S.'s door.

On trembling toes he went in to the great man. Three people sat about the room—M. P. the casting director, P. H., from distribution, and B. W., Shnorus' friend, the story editor. On a great black marble slab, in the center of the room, was T. S.—au naturel—his flesh being kneaded by three practiced Swedes.

"Well," he said, as Shnorus entered, "I hear you got a great Check for me to write 'Nothing.'"

"I've got Gibewitz himself, T. S.," said Shnorus.

"Won't do."

"Huh—you don't like his work?"

"Don't know his work—but he's right in town. If he had anything he'd be in Europe—inaccessible. Why do you waste my time with such suggestions?"

Kaplunk! went the sympathetic hands of the Swede, on T. S.'s stomach.

"Because he is in Europe now, T. S. —" said Shnorus, looking at B. W. for comfort.

"What's he get?"

"Three pianos per."

"So—but he would have worked for beans here, wouldn't he, B. W.?"

"Yes sir."

"No good," he screamed, "Get out—and never come back—for—for—a week!"

The building shook.

"T. S.," said Shnorus, making a last brave stand, "he's not only in Praha right now—but he says he wouldn't come to Hollywood if you gave him a bank—and he wouldn't work for Superfluous for twice that much—and that—and that—" his voice almost flattened but came back "and that you're a big louse!!!"

"Is this true—B. W.?" said T. S. in a quieter voice.

"Yes sir."

"Then okey dokey—Shnorus. Okey dokey—cable him my personal compliments—tell him we gotta have him."

J. L.

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